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While souls exchang'd, alternate grace acquire,  
And passions catch from passions, mutual fire.

What tho' to deck this roof no arts combine,  
Such forms as rival ev'ry fair but mine,  
No nodding plumes our humble couch above,  
Proclaim each triumph of unbounded love;  
No silver lamp, with sculptur'd cupids gay,  
O'er yielding beauty pours its midnight ray;  
Yet fancy's charms could time's slow flight beguile,  
Sooth ev'ry cart, and make this dungeon smile;  
—In her, what kings—what Saints have wish'd is given—  
Her heart is empire—and her smile is heaven.

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LINES FROM TIBULLUS TRANSLATED.

Illam, quid quid agit, quo quo vestigia vertit,  
Componit furtim, sub-sequiturque decor;  
Seu solvit crines, fuse decet esse capillos  
Seu compsit, comptis est veneranda comis;  
Urit, seu tyria voluit procedere palla,  
Urit, seu nivea, candida veste venit,  
'Talis in æterno felix Vertumnus Olympo,  
Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

TRANSLATION.

Where'er her eye, where'er her step she bends,  
Composure softens, majesty attends.  
Do her loose tresses sport in wavy gold?  
What grace appears in ev'ry wanton fold?  
Do circling braids her captive looks entwine,  
What heavenly charms, in each soft ringlet shine?  
Behold her move in purple state attir'd,  
All eyes are ravish'd, and all hearts are fir'd.  
See her, in vests of virgin whiteness, rove,  
And ev'ry burning bosom melts to love.  
Thus, though a thousand forms Vertumnus wear,  
In every form a thousand charms appear.

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WORDS OF THE FAVORITE MOUNTAIN SONG OF THE SWISS, "RETOUR DES VACHES."

QUAND reverrai je en un jour,  
Tous les objets de mon amour?

Nos claires ruisseaux,  
Nos coteaux,  
Nos hameaux,  
Nos montagnes?  
Et l'ornemens des nos campagne?  
La, si gentil le sabeau,  
A l'ombre d'un ormeau,  
Quand danserai je au son du chalumeau?  
Quand reverrai je en un jour,  
Tous les objets de mon amour?

Mon Pere,  
Ma Mere,  
Mon Frere,  
Ma Sœur,  
Mes Agneaux,  
Mes 'Troupeaux,  
Ma Bergere,  
Quand reverrai je en un jour,  
Tous les objets de mon amour?

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AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

BY DYER, AUTHOR OF THE "FLEECES."

HAVE my friends in the town, in the gay busy town  
Forgot such a man as J. Dyer?—  
Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown,  
Whose bosom no pageantries fire.  
No matter—no matter—content in the shades  
(Contented?—why ev'ry thing charms me.)  
Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye cascades,  
'Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.  
'Till outrage arises, or misery needs  
The swift the intrepid avenger,  
'Till sacred religion, or liberty bleeds,  
Then mine be the deed, and the danger.  
Alas! what a folly!—what wealth and dominion  
We keep up in sin and in sorrow;  
Immense is the toil, yet the labour how vain!  
Is not life to be over—to morrow?  
Then glide on my moments, the few that I have,  
Smooth-shaded, and quiet, and even:  
While gently the body descends to the grave,  
And the spirit arises to heaven.

---

EPICRAM

ON SEEING A FRENCH WATCH ROUND THE NECK OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

MARK what we gain from foreign lands,  
 Time cannot now be said to linger,—  
 Allow'd to lay his two rude hands,  
 Where others dare not lay a finger.

#### INSCRIPTION IN A FOREST.

STRANGER—whose steps have reached  
 this solitude,  
 Know that this lonely spot is dear to one  
 Devoted, with no unrequited zeal,  
 To Nature. Here, delighted, he has  
 heard  
 The rustling of the woods, that now, per-  
 chance,  
 Melodious to the gale of summer move;  
 And underneath their shade, on yon smooth  
 rock,  
 With grey, and yellow lichens overgrown,  
 Often reclin'd—watching the silent flow  
 Of this perspicuous rivulet, that steals  
 Along, its verdant course, 'till all around,  
 Had fill'd his senses with tranquillity.  
 And, ever, sooth'd in spirit, he returned  
 A happier, better man. Stranger, per-  
 chance,  
 Therefore the stream more lovely to thine  
 eyes  
 Will glide along—and to the summer gale  
 The woods wave more melodious. Let  
 thine hand  
 Cleanse from this sculptur'd stone the woods  
 and moss.

#### EPITAPH.

Here lies the Body of O—— D——  
 A Man  
 Whose good sense, good nature,  
 And  
 Undaunted integrity  
 Live  
 In the memory of his friends:  
 Whose conduct awaits the judgment  
 Of another Judge, and another Jury;  
 God, and Posterity.  
 He died in prison, on the —— suddenly, but  
 not unprepared.  
*“Ecco il fato di un reformatore!”*

#### BY A LADY.

ON OBSERVING SOME WHITE HAIRS ON  
 THE HEAD OF HER HUSBAND.

THOU to whose pow'r, reluctantly, we  
 bend,  
 Foe to life's fairy dreams, relentless time,

Alike the dread of lover, and of friend,  
 Why stamp thy seal on manhoods rosy  
 prime,  
 Already twining 'mid my Thirsis' hair,  
 The snowy wreaths of age, the monuments  
 of care.

Thro' all her forms, tho' nature owns thy  
 sway,  
 That boasted sway thou'lt here exert in  
 vain,  
 To the last beam of life's declining day,  
 Thirsis shall view, unmov'd, thy potent  
 reign;  
 Secure to please, while goodness knows to  
 charm,  
 Fancy and taste delight, or sense and  
 truth inform.

Tyrant!—when from that lip of crimson  
 glow,  
 Swept by thy chilling wing, the rose  
 shall fly,  
 When thy rude sigh indents his polish'd  
 brow,  
 And quenched is all the lustre of his eye,  
 When ruthless age disperses every grace,  
 Each smile that beams from that enchant-  
 ing face.

Then thro' her stores shall active mem'ry  
 rove,  
 Teaching each various charm to bloom a-  
 new,  
 And still the raptur'd eye of faithful love,  
 Shall bend on Thirsis its delighted view,  
 Still shall he triumph, with resistless pow-  
 er;  
 Still rule the conquer'd heart, to life's re-  
 motest hour.

#### LA VIOLETTE.

TU n'es plus la reine des fleurs,  
 Rose—modele d'inconstance  
 Qu'elle est courte ton existence,  
 Dans un jour tu nais, et tu meurs,  
 Charmante et simple Violette!  
 Je te prefere en tous les tems,  
 Ton odeur suave, et parfaite,  
 Est le Presage du Printems.

La rose paroit au grand jour,  
 Ainsi que la Coquetterie;  
 Pour eviter la Flaterie,  
 Sous l'herbe tu fais ton sejour,  
 Ton rivale a l'hommage invite,  
 C'est Venus, avec ses appas;  
 Toi, tu ressembles au merite,  
 Qui perce, et ne se montre pas.